

# RYOT upon RYOT:

O R. (1837)

A Chant upon the Arresting the Loyal L. Mayor & Sheriffs.

Gallants, If you woud bear a Tale sung o'r, See London's Loyal Sheriffs, and Lord Mayor,  
So daring and bold, 'twas never done before: Bearing the Sword, Arrested in the Chair.

To the Tune of, Burton Hall, or London's Loyalty.



I.  
**R**owze up Great MONARCH  
 In the Royal Cause;  
 The Great Defender  
 Of our Faith and Laws:  
 Now, now, or never,  
 Crush the Serpent's Head,  
 Or else the Poyson  
 Through the Land will spread.  
 The Noble MAYOR,  
 And his two Loyal SHRIEVES,  
 Bearing the Sword's, assaulted  
 By Ulurping Thieves,  
 Who their Rebellious Ryots  
 Would maintain by Law:  
 Ob! London! London!  
 Where's thy Justice now?

II.  
 Smite, smite, the Snakes  
 Did firſt their Sting reveal,  
 Stabbing thy ROYAL  
 BROTHER in the Heel;  
 And ſtruck ſo many  
 Loyal Martyr's dead,  
 Now in the Sun  
 Flies boldly at the Head.  
 Slaves that refiſt  
 All Power but their own;  
 He that would uſurp the CHAIR,  
 Would next uſurp the THRONE,  
 Who neither ROYAL HEIR  
 Nor LOYAL MAYORS allow:  
 Ob! London! London!  
 Where's thy Charter now?

III.  
**L**ONDON, of Faction's  
 The eternal Spring,  
 Yet ſo much favour'd  
 By a Gracious KING;  
 Who doſt ſuch Deeds  
 That have no parallel,  
 Only to teach  
 Thy Children to Rebel.

This will record thee  
 In the Books of Fame;  
 This bold Attempt no Law,  
 Nor Precedent can claim:  
 Blood and the Crown, P—  
 And D—s out-do:  
 Ob! London! London!  
 Where's thy Charter now?

IV.  
 Was this the way  
 Your Ryots to repair;  
 In ſpite o'th' CHARTER,  
 To Arrest the MAYOR?  
 And 'gainſt the SHERIFFS  
 Your sham Actions bring,  
 'Cause juſtly choſen,  
 And approv'd by th' KING?  
 What call you this, but TREASON?  
 Whilſt the Fool  
 That did Arrest the MAYOR  
 Expects himſelf to Rule;  
 And, ſave his own, no other  
 Power would allow:  
 Ob! London! London!  
 Where's thy Charter now?

V.  
 Hang up the Factious Heads  
 That dare oppoſe  
 The Sword of Justice,  
 And the Ancient Laws:  
 Who in his Office  
 Dare Arrest the MAYOR,  
 Disowns the Pow'r  
 That plac'd Him in the Chair.  
 Tantara-ra-ra!  
 Let the Trumpets sound,  
 Double all your Guards, and let  
 The Cent'nel stand their ground:  
 He that Arrests the MAYOR,  
 Would bind the MONARCH too:  
 Ob! London! London!  
 Where's thy Charter now?